

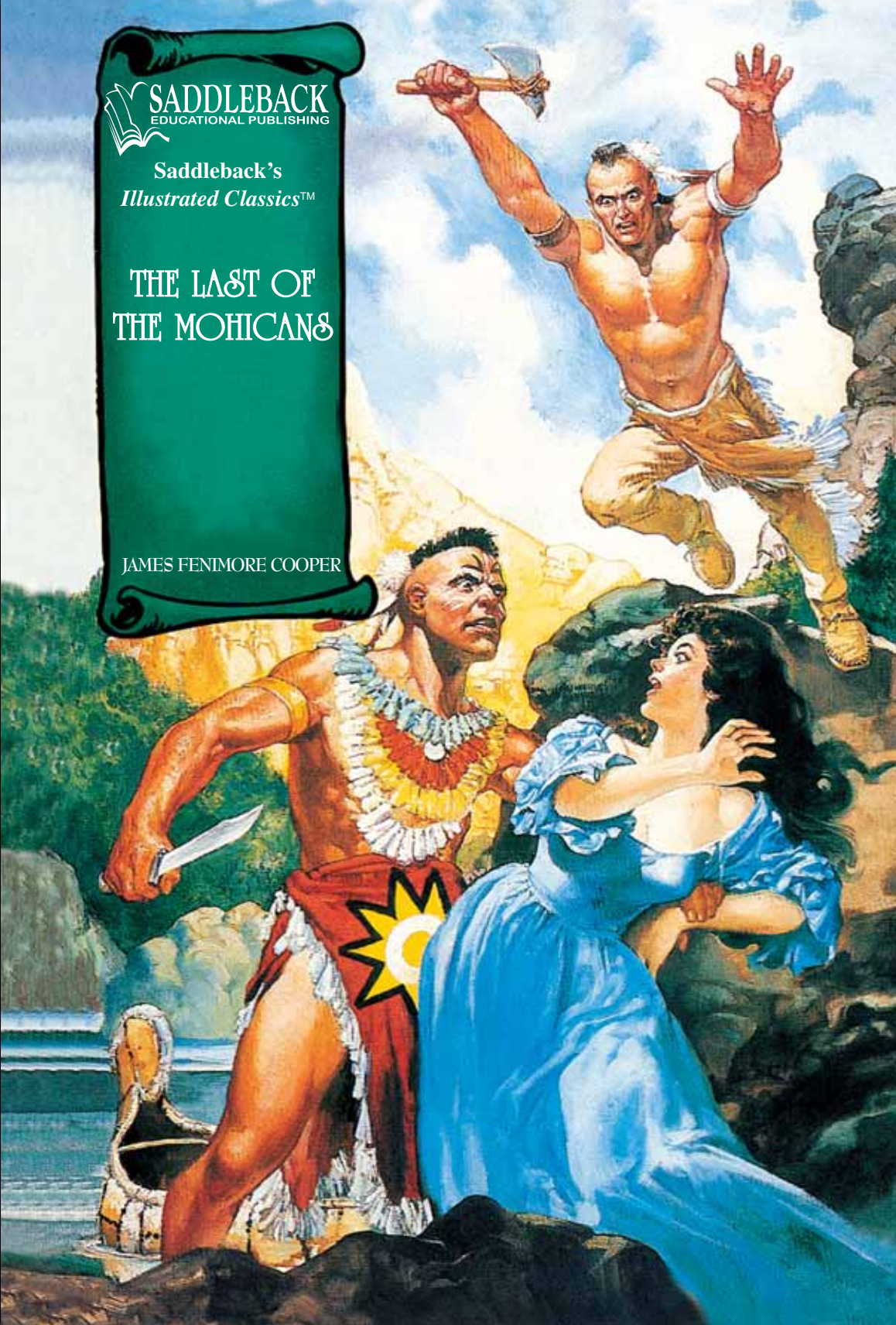


SADDLEBACK
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics™

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™



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Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*TM, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*[™], you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics™*. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”



James Fenimore Cooper

James Fenimore Cooper, the son of a wealthy politician and landowner who founded the frontier village of Cooperstown, New York, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. He studied at Yale for a few years, but left the university to sail aboard a merchant ship. In 1808 he became a midshipman in the U.S. Navy. The career, too, was cut short in 1811, when he left the Navy and was married.

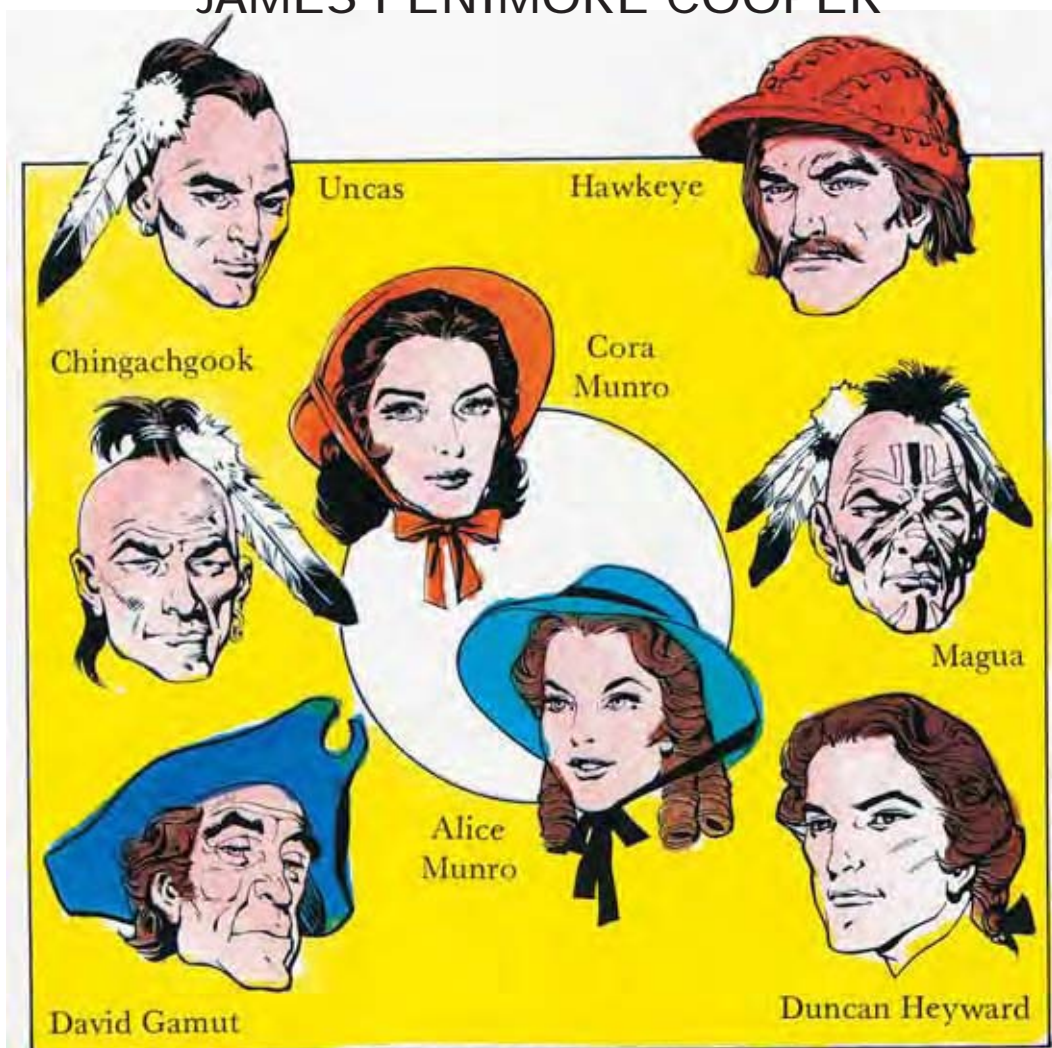
Soon after marriage he began writing the five frontier adventure novels which were later to become known as *The Leatherstocking Tales*. They are: *The Pioneers*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie*, *The Pathfinders*, and *The Deerslayer*. His hero and main character, Natty Bumppo, called Hawkeye in *The Last of the Mohicans*, was a perfect example of the backwoodsman: honest, hardworking, noble, and a friend to peaceful Indians.

Cooper's novels have been translated into many languages and have enjoyed great popularity because of their vigor and adventure. Cooper himself was pleased with his work and continued to write into his sixties. He died in Cooperstown, New York, in 1851.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

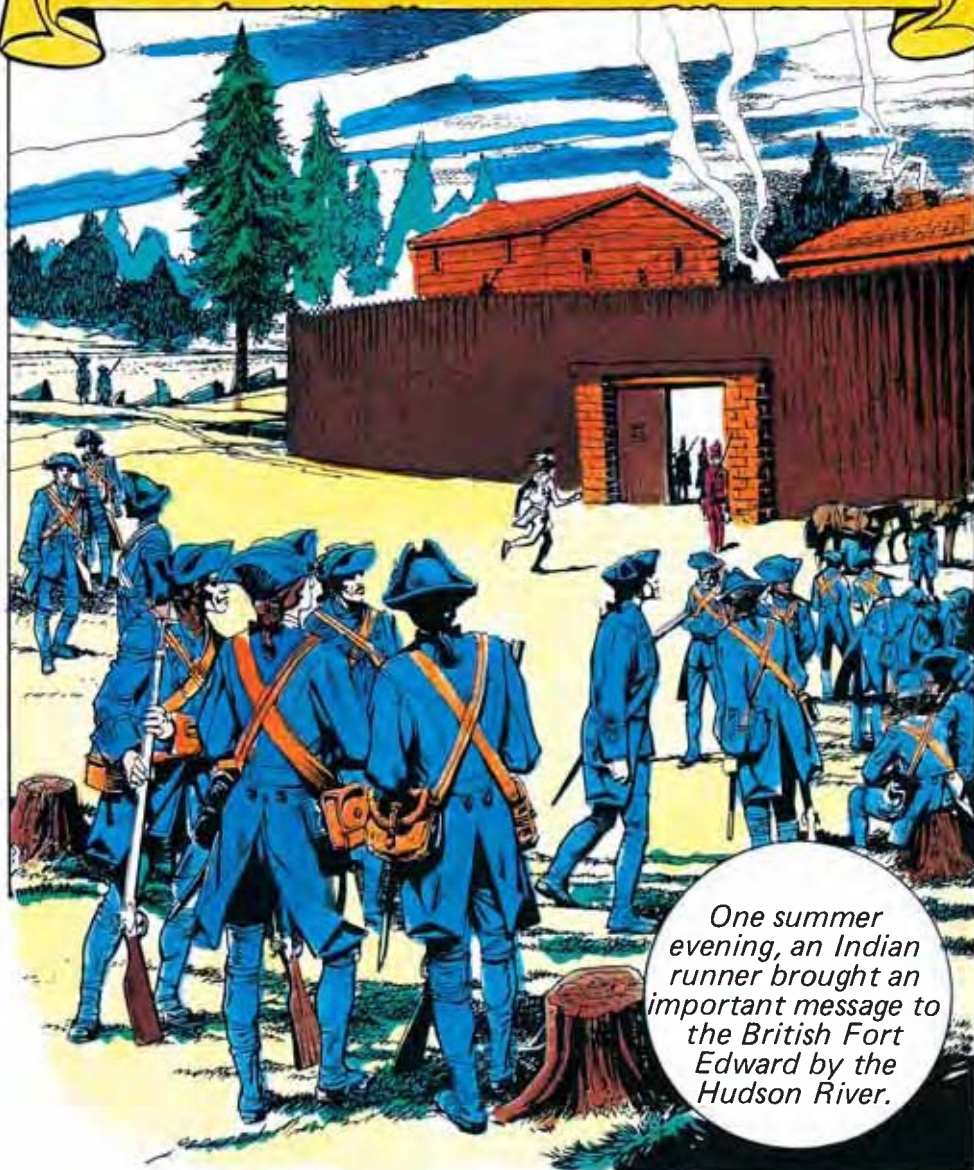
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



In the 1750s, the English colonies in America were ruled by Great Britain. But France also claimed a large part of North America. The French and Indian War was fought between the French and the English to settle the matter.

Some Indian tribes sided with the French, others with the English. Much of the fighting took place in the land that was to become New York State.



One summer evening, an Indian runner brought an important message to the British Fort Edward by the Hudson River.

A message from
our Commander
Munro at Fort
William Henry!

I'll take the messenger
to General Webb.



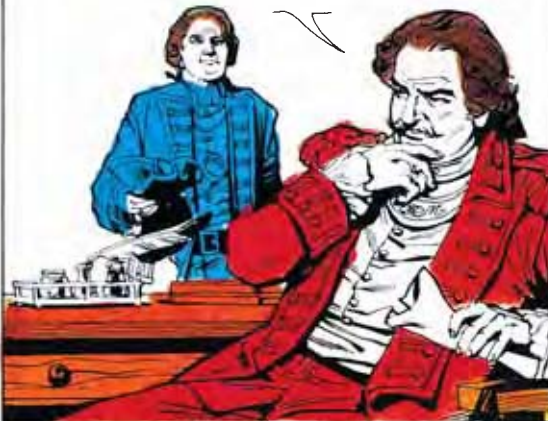
*General
Webb read
the
message.*

Munro reports that Montcalm
is moving down Lake Cham-
plain from Canada with a
great army!

They are as many
as the leaves on
the trees!

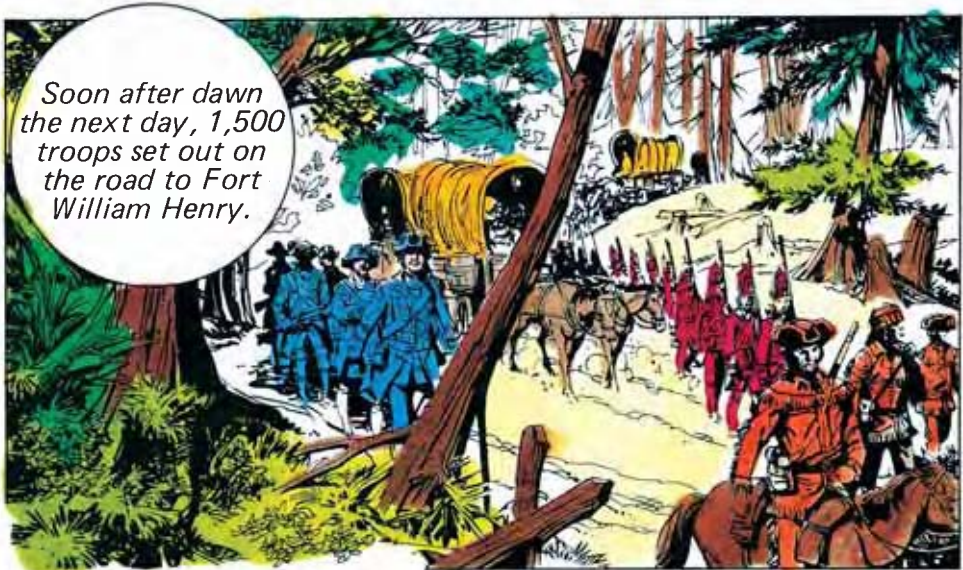


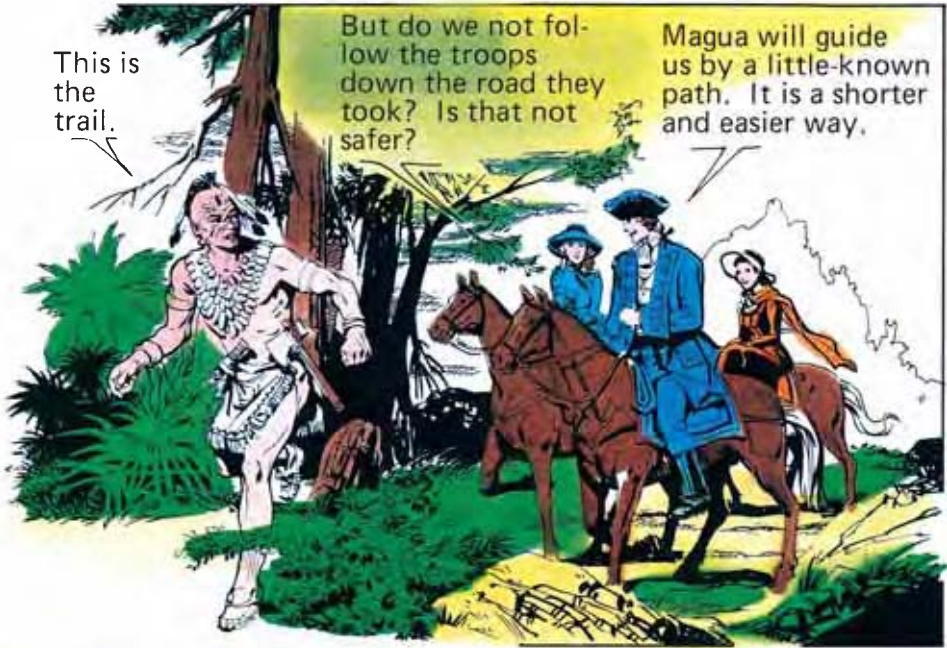
Munro thinks that with a large
force of men he can defeat Mont-
calm. He wants 5,000 soldiers!



I can spare only 1,500
men. I'll send them
to Fort William Henry
tomorrow.







This is the trail.

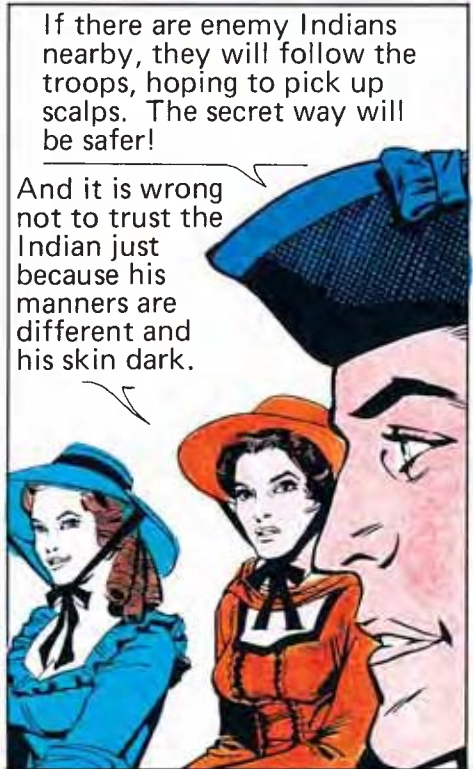
But do we not follow the troops down the road they took? Is that not safer?

Magua will guide us by a little-known path. It is a shorter and easier way.



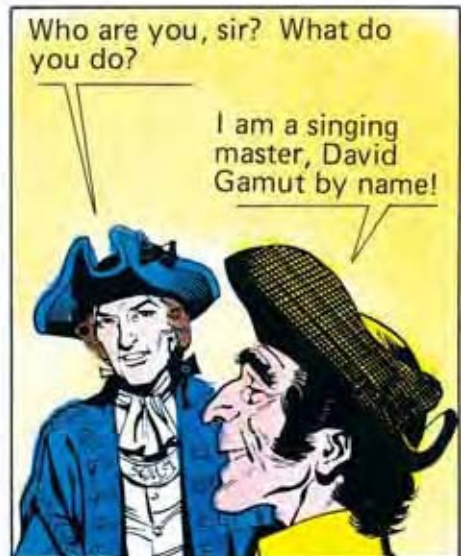
But he is an Indian! Can we trust him?

He was once an enemy, Alice, but he is now a friend. If I did not believe so, I would not trust him with your safety!

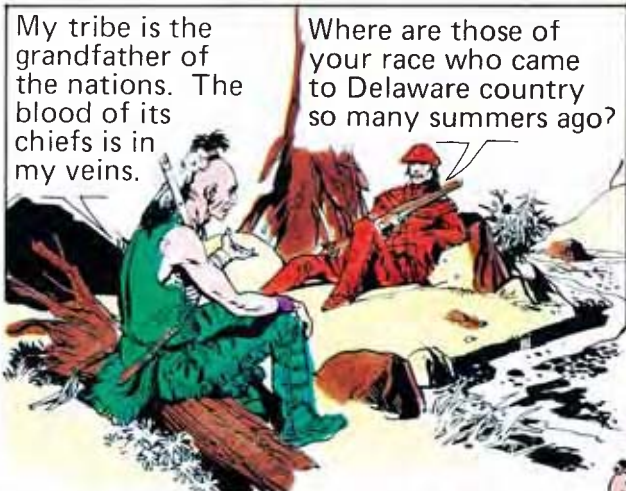


If there are enemy Indians nearby, they will follow the troops, hoping to pick up scalps. The secret way will be safer!

And it is wrong not to trust the Indian just because his manners are different and his skin dark.



Meanwhile, a few miles to the west, two men talked on the banks of a river. They were Hawkeye, the white hunter and scout, and his friend Chingachgook, an Indian chief.



My tribe is the grandfather of the nations. The blood of its chiefs is in my veins.

Where are those of your race who came to Delaware country so many summers ago?

Where are the flowers of those summers? Like them, my family has departed to the land of the spirits.



I too must go. And when Uncas follows, there will no longer be any of our blood. My boy is the last of the Mohicans!



I am here. Who speaks of me?

My son, do Indians friendly to the French leave their moccasin prints in these woods?



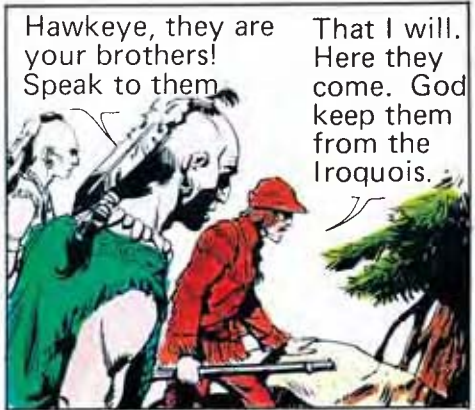
Yes, they number as many as my fingers. But they lie hidden, like cowards.

They are Montcalm's Indian spies, looking for scalps and things to steal.

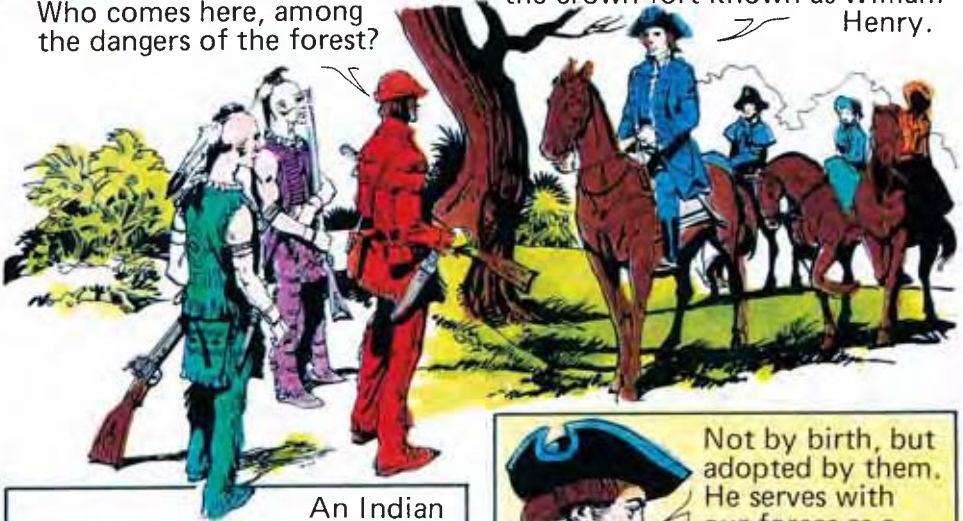
Suddenly Chingachgook bent over until his ear nearly touched the ground.



Who comes here, among the dangers of the forest?



Friends to the law and to the king. We have traveled all day looking for the crown fort known as William Henry.



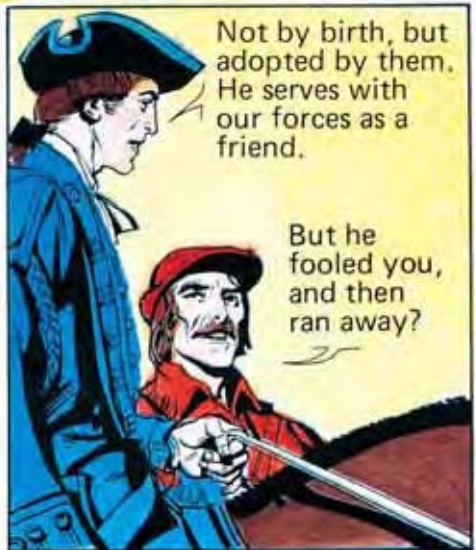
We trusted an Indian guide to lead us by a shortcut, and now we are lost!

An Indian lost in the woods . . . strange! Is he of the Mohawk tribe?



Not by birth, but adopted by them. He serves with our forces as a friend.

But he fooled you, and then ran away?



Neither, it seems! Here he comes behind us.

Let me look at him! If he is a true Iroquois, I can tell by his sneaky look and by his paint.

Silently, the scout went back to look at Magua. Hawkeye saw that he was Le Renard Subtil, an Indian working for the French who had given him that name.

Le Renard had led Heyward into a trap. Hawkeye, Heyward, and the Mohicans tried to capture him, but the crafty Magua escaped into the forest. It was almost night.

We must follow him! We are four strong men to one!

He would bring us within range of his friends in a minute! Unless we move and throw them off our trail, our scalps will hang before Montcalm's tent tomorrow!

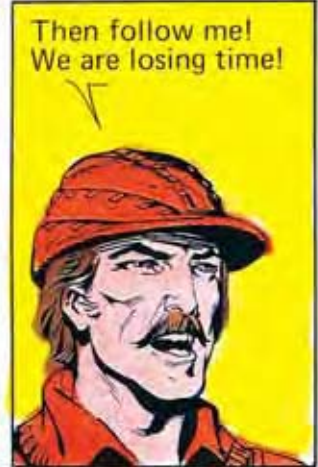
Do not leave us! Stay and help me defend the ladies!



You are right. It would not be the act of real men to leave such harmless beings to their fate! We will do what we can, if you will promise two things.

Name them!





While the Indian led the horses away to hide them, Hawkeye drew a bark canoe from its hiding place. He told Alice and Cora to get in.



Hawkeye's expert paddle moved the canoe upstream against the current. Almost afraid to breathe, Cora and Alice watched as the rapids swirled about them.



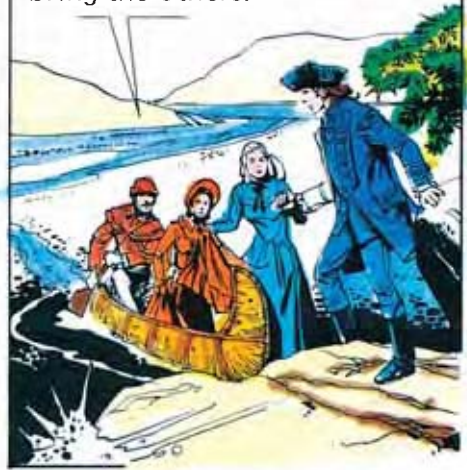
They drew near to a great waterfall. Alice hid her eyes, sure the canoe would be tipped over.



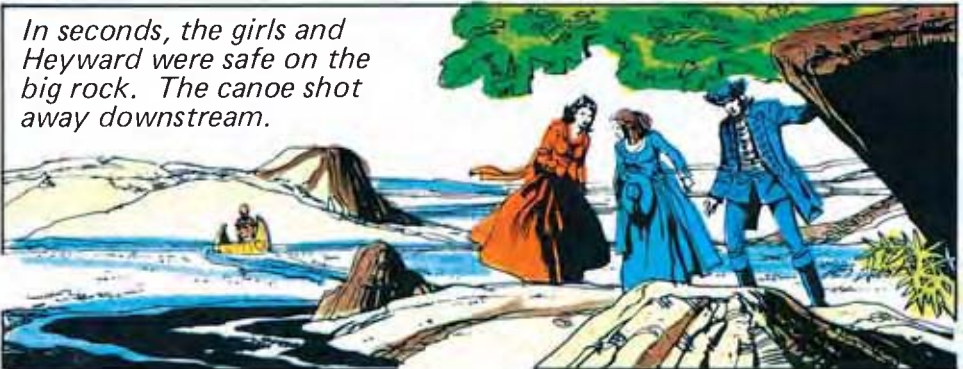
A last move by Hawkeye and the canoe floated, still, beside a low, flat rock.



At the foot of Glenn's Falls. Climb onto the rock, and I will bring the others.



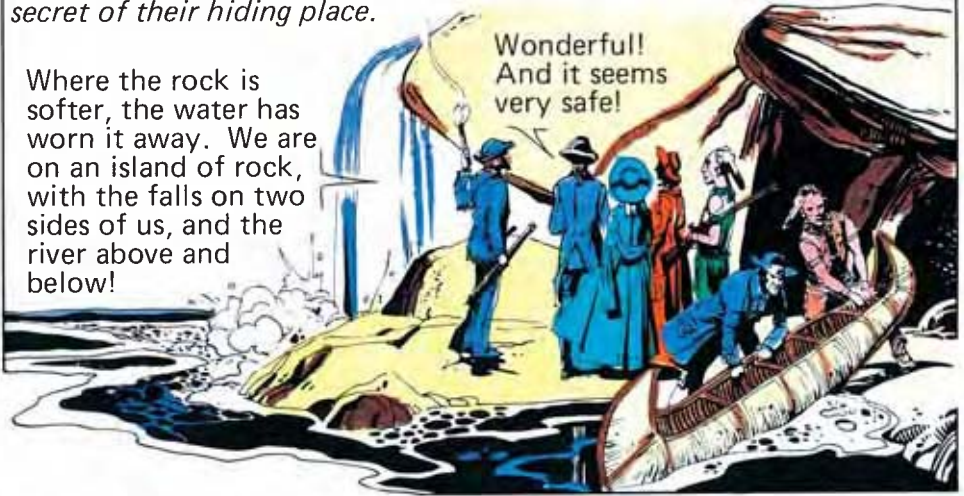
In seconds, the girls and Heyward were safe on the big rock. The canoe shot away downstream.



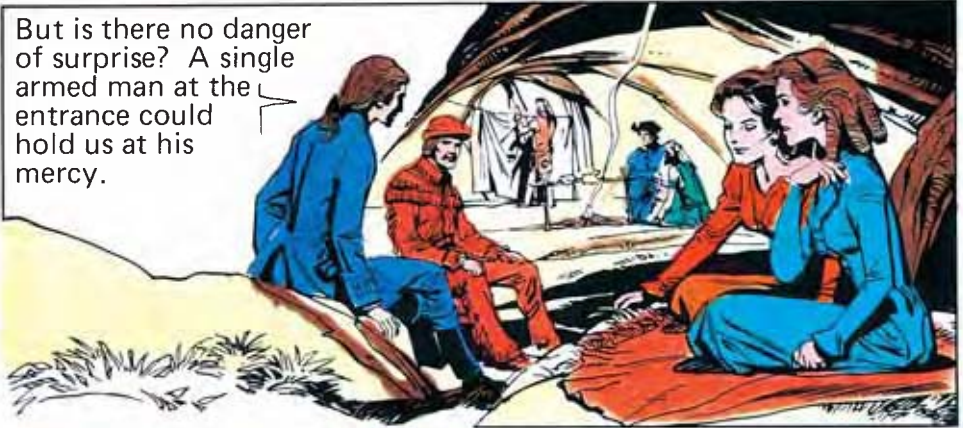
Almost before they could believe it, the canoe had returned with the rest of the group. Hawkeye and his Indian friends showed them the secret of their hiding place.

Where the rock is softer, the water has worn it away. We are on an island of rock, with the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below!

Wonderful!
And it seems
very safe!



But is there no danger of surprise? A single armed man at the entrance could hold us at his mercy.



Such old foxes as Chingachgook and I are not caught in burrows with only one hole! The cave has a second door . . . and beyond is another cave!



Except for the howling of wolves on the river banks, the group spent a peaceful night. Cora and Alice slept soundly on a bed of branches. At daybreak, Hawkeye awakened them.



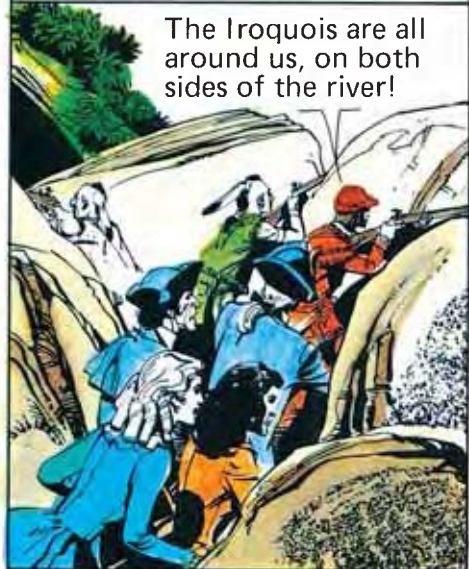
Now is the time to travel!
Be ready to get into the
canoe when I bring it. Be
silent, but be quick!

Hawkeye went out. Suddenly the noise of yells, cries, and rifle shots broke out all around them.



What is it?
Can men
make sounds
like these?

Outside the caves, taking shelter behind the rocks, they were joined by Hawkeye and the Mohicans.



The Iroquois are all
around us, on both
sides of the river!

Our best chance now is to keep the Indians off the rock until Munro can send a party to help. God grant it may be soon!



The ladies and Gamut, who has no gun, must return to the cave.



Chingachgook, you and Uncas take posts here where you can see the foot of the falls.



Heyward and I will move upstream where we can guard the head of the island from attack.



In the center of the island grew a few small pine trees. Hawkeye and Heyward hid among the trees and rocks.



Look! But keep down! They are swimming downstream to our island!



One of the Indians was swept away, but four others reached the island.



A whistle from Hawkeye brought Uncas to their help. The three stayed down, their guns ready.

They are gathering for their rush. The lead man, at least, will die!



AI Eeeeeeeeeee!



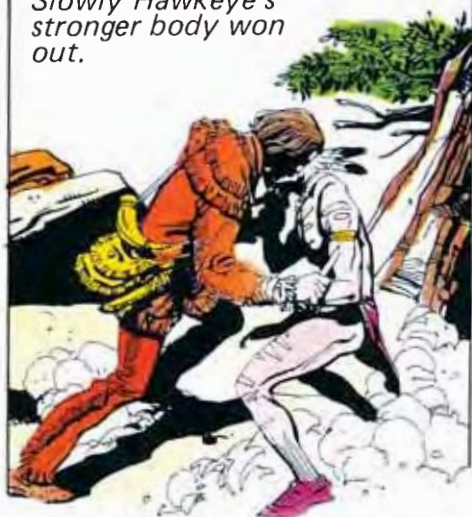
Hawkeye fired and the first Indian fell.



Uncas killed another. Soon Hawkeye and Heyward were fighting hand-to-hand with the others.



Slowly Hawkeye's stronger body won out.



Suddenly he pulled his hand away, and drove his sharp knife into the heart of the Indian.



Meanwhile, Heyward was fighting another warrior.



Both were slipping on the rocks near the falls.



Then, at the last moment, a hand holding a knife appeared over his shoulder.

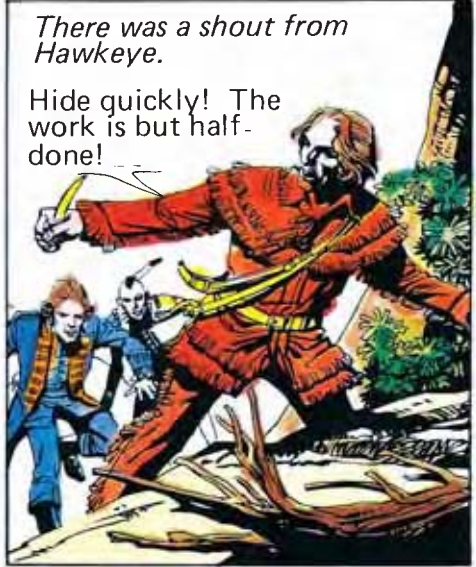


As Uncas' saving arm pulled Heyward backward, the enemy fell over the cliff.

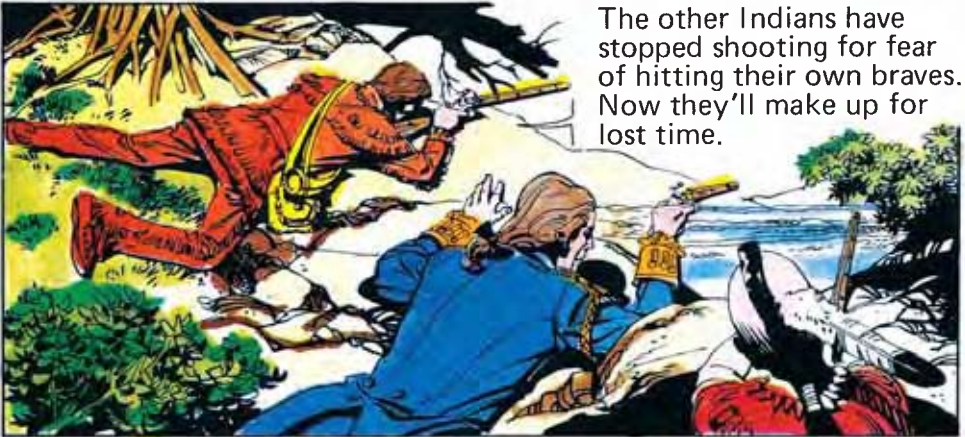


There was a shout from Hawkeye.

Hide quickly! The work is but half-done!



The other Indians have stopped shooting for fear of hitting their own braves. Now they'll make up for lost time.



Uncas saved my life! He has made a friend who will never need to be reminded of what he has done!

Friends often owe their lives to each other in the forest. Uncas has stood between me and death five times!



The enemy rifles fired, clipping tree branches and nicking rocks.



Let them use up their powder. We'll use ours only when it counts.

Unseen, an enemy brave climbed a tall tree that leaned toward the island.

Look!
Danger!



Killdeer will take care of this one!



That was the last charge in my powder horn and the last bullet in my pouch. Uncas, go to the canoe and bring up the big powder horn.



Uncas slipped away, making his way to the rock where the canoe was tied. Suddenly he shouted. Forgetting danger, they rushed to see what had happened.

The canoe with
all our powder!
The Iroquois have
stolen it!

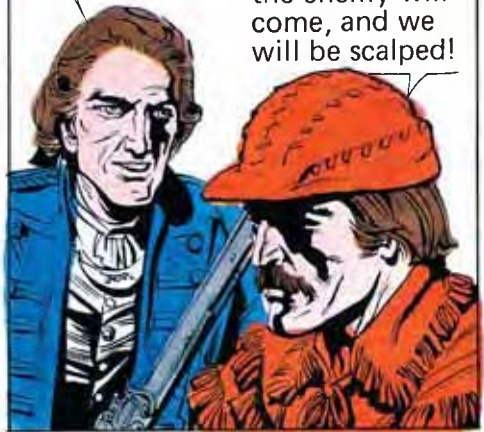


The three quickest, surest rifles
in the woods—and no more use
than so many weed stalks.



What will
become
of us?

It may be a
minute, it may
be an hour. But
the enemy will
come, and we
will be scalped!



Surely something
can be done!

Only prepare to
die bravely!

Why die at all,
brave men?



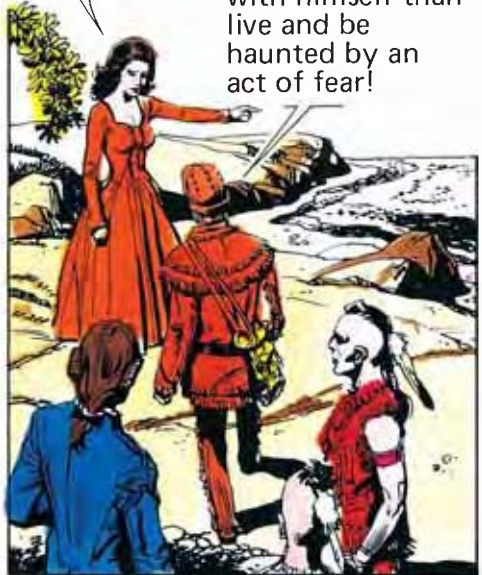
We owe you too much already! Surely you can slip away!

The river might carry us beyond the reach of Iroquois rifles . . .



Then go! Why add to the number of the dead?

It is better that a man die at peace with himself than live and be haunted by an act of fear!



Go to our father. If we should be carried into the northern wilds, tell him to rescue us!

There is reason in your words. Chingachgook! Uncas! Hear you the words of this woman?



Hawkeye spoke in their language to Chingachgook and Uncas. The older man listened, nodded. Stepping to the edge of the rock, he dropped into the water and out of sight. Hawkeye prepared to follow.

If you are carried off, try to leave signs to mark your trail



He sank under the water and disappeared downstream. Only Uncas stayed with them.

Your friends are safe.
It is time for you to follow.

Uncas will stay.



Go young man, to my father! It is my wish, my prayer that you go!



Uncas' calm face became gloomy, but he followed Cora's command and slipped into the water.

There! He is safe!



Let us hide ourselves in the cave and trust God to help us!



I will hide the entrance.



Suddenly from outside there were fearful whoops and cries. The enemy had reached the island.

Surely, in this hidden spot, we are safe!



They have not found us yet. There is still hope.

Time passed. The cries died away. Then Alice gasped and pointed.



The cruel face of Magua, Le Renard Subtil, peered into the dark cave.

With a war whoop, Magua announced what he had found.



WHOooo---
ooo-ooo!

The Englishmen were dragged from their hiding place.



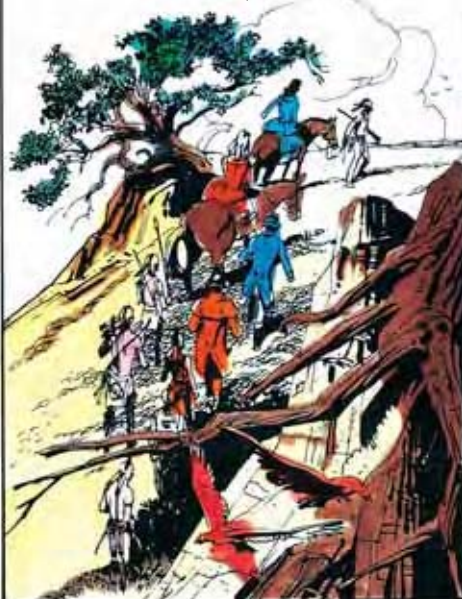
They were treated roughly. The hands of the men were tied. Then they were put into canoes and taken to the riverbank. Here the Indians split into two groups. Most of them rode away, their leader on Heyward's horse.

Six, with Magua as chief, kept watch on the prisoners. With the sisters on horseback, this group set off.

Keep up your courage! All is not lost!



After traveling many miles through the woods, they climbed a steep hill.



Heyward tried to talk to Magua.

General Munro at Fort William Henry will pay well if you return his children safely.

Bring the dark-haired daughter and say Magua wishes to speak!



Hayward brought Cara forward.

What would
Le Renard
say to Munro's
daughter?

Listen . . . Magua
was born a chief
and a warrior . . .
then he fought
for the English
under Munro!



Then by Munro's orders he was
tied up and whipped . . .
leaving these scars!



I think that
was for being drunk, which
was against
the law set
by Munro.

The pale-faces
brought the
firewater!
Should they
punish the
redskin for
drinking it?



And therefore
would you harm
Munro's help-
less daughters?
At least release
my gentle sister!

She can return to
the old chief. It
is you who must
swear to obey!



And what must I promise?

You will follow Magua and live in his tent forever.



The daughter of Munro will draw my water, hoe my corn, and cook my meat.

Monster! I will never do what you say!



Angry, Magua spoke to the Indians. He talked of their warriors who had been killed. As they listened, their eyes blazed with anger.



Shall we let these people go? Shall we have no white scalps to show for our work?

The warriors dragged the girls away. Others brought ropes and firewood.





Maddened, Heyward broke away. But once again he was caught and thrown to the ground.



An Indian raised his knife.



Suddenly a rifle cracked. The Indian fell dead beside Heyward.



The Indians fell back, frightened at this sudden death.

Le Cerf Agile!

La Longue Carabine!

Le Gros Serpent!

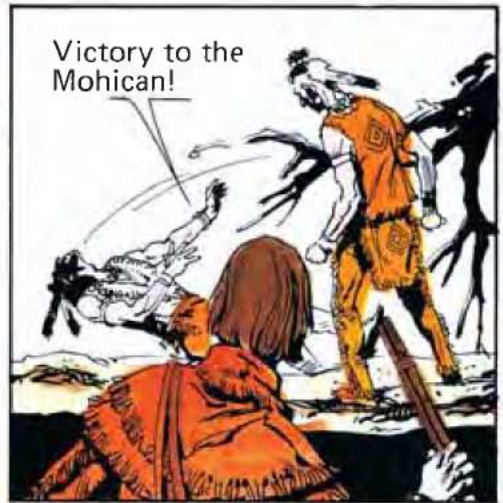
Kill the varmints!
No one gets away!



Soon the battle was ended except for the struggle between Magua and Chingachgook.

Suddenly Magua dropped. He looked lifeless.

Victory to the Mohican!



But as Chingachgook aimed the final blow, Magua suddenly rolled over the cliff. He landed on his feet and leaped for cover.

A sly fox to the last! But he can do no more harm for now . . .



Seeing that they had been rescued, the sisters gave thanks.

We are saved! We will return to the arms of our dear father!



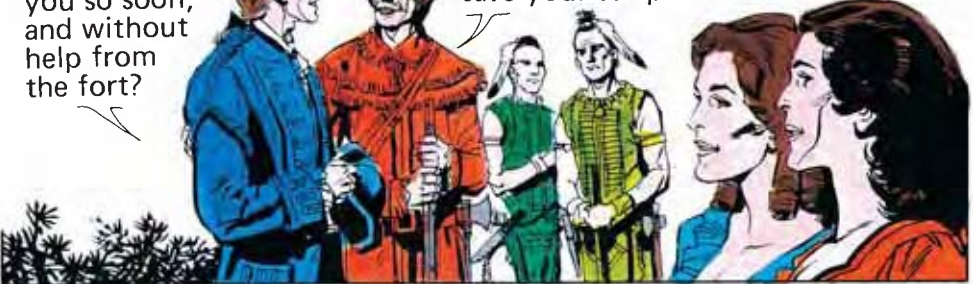
Friend, I thank you that the hairs of my head still grow where they were planted.

It was nothing. It is often seen if you stay long among us!



How is it that we see you so soon, and without help from the fort?

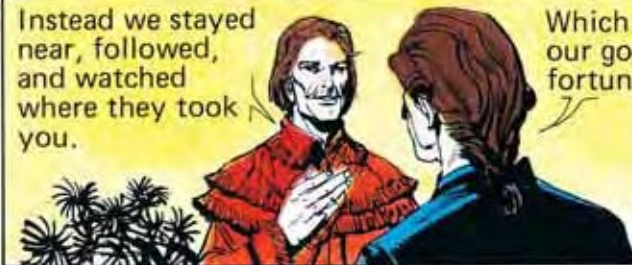
Had we gone to the fort, we would have been too late to save your scalps!



Instead we stayed near, followed, and watched where they took you.

Which was our good fortune!

Soon, with Hawkeye's help, the party set out again through the great forest to find the fort.



After a long and weary journey, stopping only to eat and sleep, the scout led them up a steep trail just after daybreak. From a place on the edge of a cliff, they looked down upon Lake George, Fort William Henry—and the enemy!



It was the wrong password. The Frenchman ordered his men to fire. But suddenly danger came from a new direction.



Out of the mist to drive away the French came Heyward's own troops. Following them appeared the figure of the fort's commander, General Munro.



After all their trials, the party had at last reached the safety of Fort William Henry. But the fort itself was in grave danger.

For five days now we've been attacked by Montcalm and his French and Indian troops. It would seem that General Webb and his army have forgotten us.

There is still no word from him?



I hear that Montcalm has captured a messenger carrying a letter from Webb to me.

The walls of the fort are falling. Food is running out.

It is an army I need from Webb, not letters!



Montcalm wanted a meeting with Munro. Heyward went with Munro to speak for him.

I have asked for this meeting to show you that I have more men than you. You have fought bravely, with honor. It is time for you to give up.



Sir, you serve the French king well. But the British king, too, has many faithful soldiers.

If you mean General Webb's army, here is his letter.



Webb will send no troops. He advises me to give up!

Sir, we still hold the fort! Let us sell our lives dearly!



Wait! Hear my terms! I will not take your honor away from you!



The fort must be captured, but you may keep your flags.



And guns?

Keep them! None can use them better.

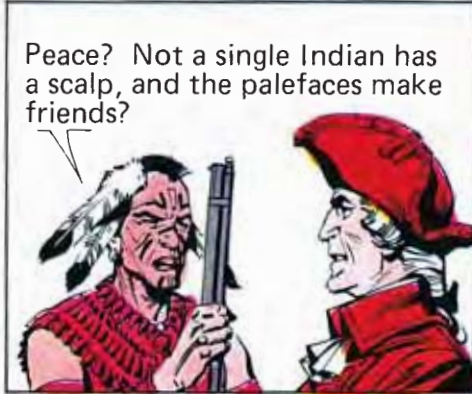


I have seen two things I never expected—an Englishman afraid to support a friend, and a Frenchman too honest to profit from it!



A treaty was drawn up and signed by Munro. It was announced that fighting would stop. The fort would be taken, but the men would keep their guns, their flags, and their baggage. In this way, as army law stated, they had not lost their honor as soldiers.

Montcalm told his Indian friends that peace had been made. They must no longer fight the English troops. One of them was Magua.



Let Magua prove himself a great chief by teaching his Indians how to act toward our new friends!

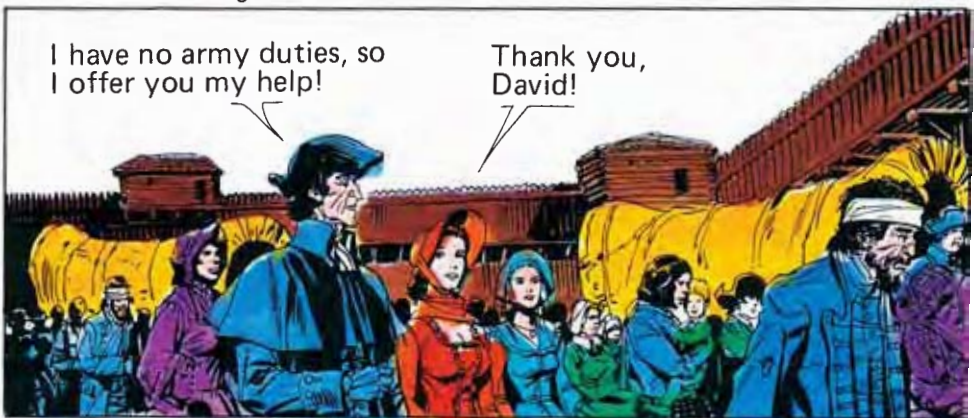
Friends? Ha! I will never be friend to him who has beaten me!



On the morning of August 10, the English troops marched out of their fort.



Behind the English troops and wounded came a crowd of women and children following Cora and Alice.



Suddenly the women were attacked by Indian warriors. One reached for the bright shawl in which a mother had wrapped her baby.

Ugh! Mine!

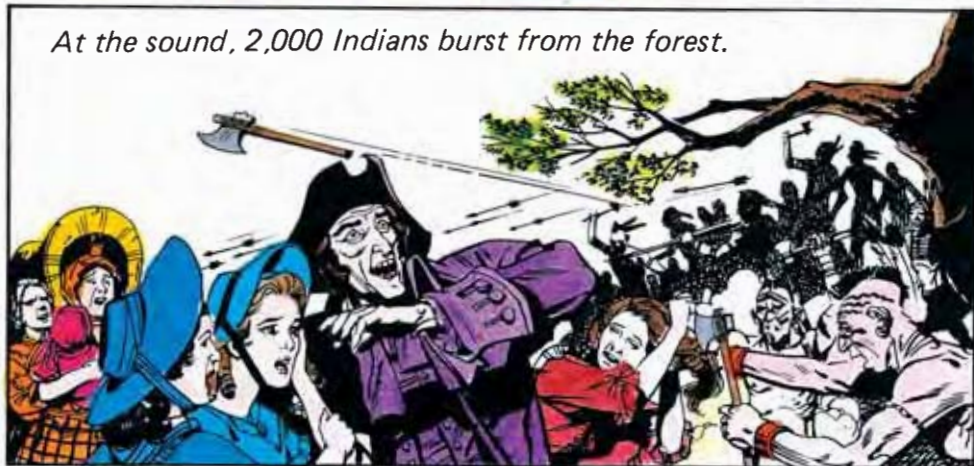
No! Not the baby!



Magua appeared and gave a war whoop.



At the sound, 2,000 Indians burst from the forest.



Alice fainted.

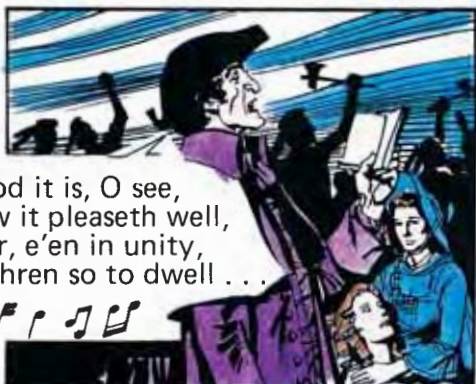
Go, save yourself!

No! If the boy David tamed Saul's evil spirit with music, I will try its power here.

David raised his powerful voice in song. Many Indians, admiring his courage, passed by.



How good it is, O see,
And how it pleaseth well,
Together, e'en in unity,
For brethren so to dwell . . .



But Magua, hearing, knew that Alice and Cora were again at his mercy.

Come! My tent is still open! Is it not better than this place?

Never! Strike if you will, and kill me!



Instead, Magua took Alice in his arms and moved swiftly toward the woods.

Stop! Let her go! What do you do?

Wait, Cora!



Knowing that Cora would follow while he held Alice, Magua quickly reached the place where he had horses hidden. Once again the sisters and David found themselves captured by Magua.



Some time later, five sad figures hunted over the scene of the fighting.

We have not found the bodies of Alice and Cora. That is a hopeful sign!



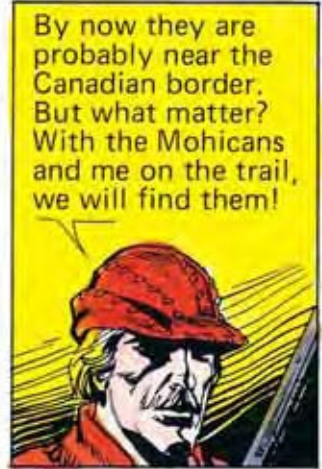
Suddenly Uncas pulled from a bush a scrap of Cora's green veil.

My child! Find my child!

Uncas will try!

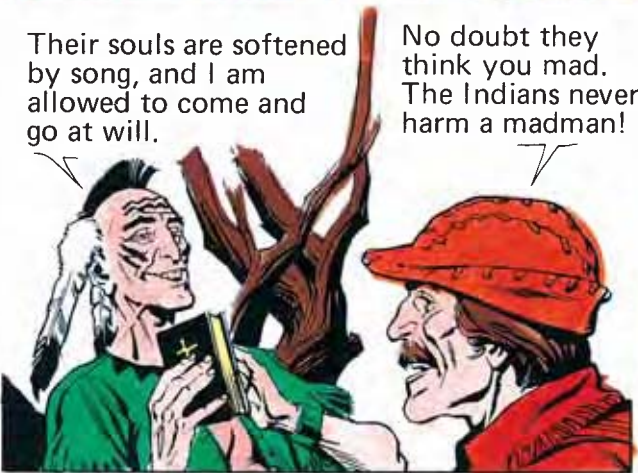


Uncas darted away. Deep in the forest he found another scrap of veil—and also a footprint.



Traveling sometimes by canoe, sometimes on foot . . . knowing the trails and the ways of the Indians . . . the Mohicans led the party north. At last they found a strange figure.





You are brave! Chingachgook has many paints. Sit on the log and he can soon make a fool of you!



With great skill, Chingachgook drew on Heyward's face the lines and colors that meant a friend and a fool.



Hawkeye gave Heyward much good advice. He arranged for signals and a meeting place. Then Heyward and David left. A half-hour's walk brought them to the Indian camp at dusk.

It is too late to go back. I must not show fear!



The great French king has sent me, who knows the art of healing, to ask if any of his children, the redmen, are sick.



Do the wise men of the Canadas paint their skins?

As an Indian chief lays aside his robe and wears a shirt among his white fathers, so I wear paint among my red brothers.



The chief agreed. Heyward began to breathe more freely. Suddenly a fearful yell sounded from the forest.



But the Indians were glad.



It was the return of a war-party. A line of Indians carried scalps. A line of others brought a brave who had been captured.



All at once the young brave, like a deer, leaped over the heads of the other Indians and ran for the woods.

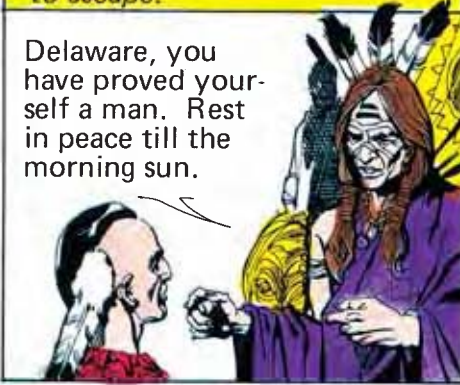


For a moment it seemed he might reach the forest. But the whole group ran before him and drove him back.



The chief admired the bravery of the Indian who had tried to escape.

Delaware, you have proved yourself a man. Rest in peace till the morning sun.



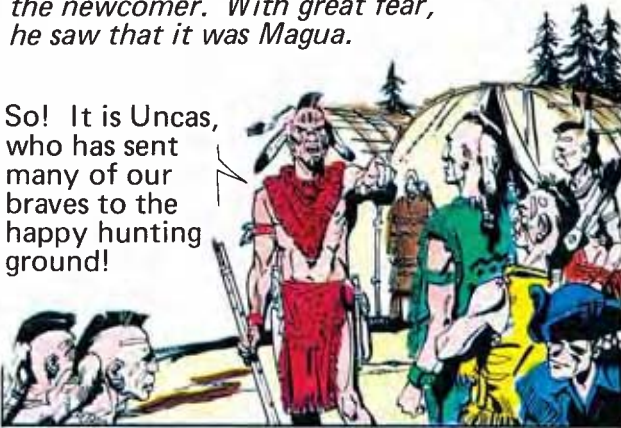
Suddenly another warrior arrived. Everyone ran to see him. Then Heyward felt a touch on his arm and heard Uncas' voice.

Do not be afraid! Munro and Chingachgook are safe, and Hawkeye's rifle is not asleep! Go . . . we are strangers!

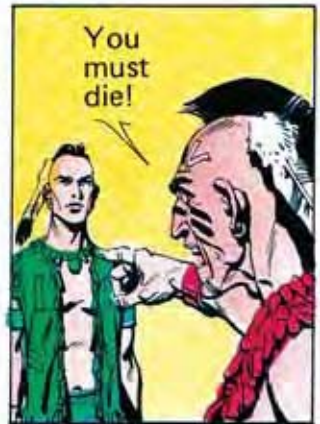


Knowing the danger of their talk, Heyward moved away to look at the newcomer. With great fear, he saw that it was Magua.

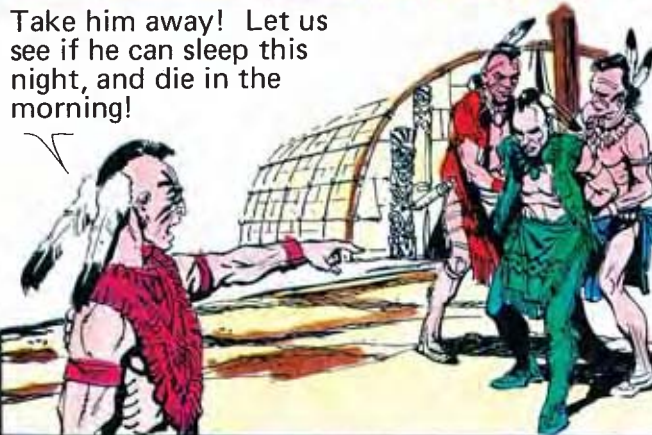
So! It is Uncas, who has sent many of our braves to the happy hunting ground!



You must die!



Take him away! Let us see if he can sleep this night, and die in the morning!



Looking for Alice, Heyward circled the camp from hut to hut. But there was no sign of her. At last he returned, hoping to question David.

Here the chief came near to speak to him.



Can you frighten the spirit away with your skill?

I will try!



The chief led Heyward out. They turned away from the tents and took a path toward the base of a mountain. Suddenly a dark figure arose ahead of them.



Paying no attention to the growling bear, the Indian pushed aside a door in the mountain.

Follow!

Grrr-r-r-r!



Heyward followed, the bear growling at his heels.

Grr-r-r!





David left the room, speaking to Heyward as he passed.



Fearful of giving himself away, Heyward prepared to perform. Each time he tried, the bear drove him away.



The spirits are watching! I will go. Do your best for her!



Left alone with the bear, Heyward expected an attack. Instead its head fell to one side and he saw a familiar face.



Hawkeye!

Shhh!
The
varmints
are all
around!

What has led
to this plan?

I will tell you
the whole in
order . . .



He told how, having left Munro and Chingachgook safely hidden, he and Uncas had set off to find Cora. They had come upon a party of Huron warriors.

One of them ran
away. Uncas
ran after him
and fell into a
trap.

Alas, yes. He
has been cap-
tured and will
die at sunrise!



Having shot a few Hurons, I
came in close to the village.
There I found a medicine man
dressing. A tap on his head,
some ropes to tie him to a
tree, and here am I in his
place!





Soon Heyward came to another room.



There was a tap on Heyward's shoulder. Turning, he met the evil, laughing face of Magua.



The bear appeared in the doorway. Thinking it was the medicine man, Magua paid no attention to it. He went to call in the other Indians.



Suddenly the animal grabbed Magua in a bear hug.



Heyward rushed forward and tied up Magua's arms.



Magua could only glare as he was safely bound and gagged.

For now the Indian is harmless! We must push for the woods.



Alice has fainted again! Go, friend! Save yourself!

Wrap her in these Indian blankets. Then carry her, and follow me!



They wait outside! Talk to them, Major! Tell them you have shut the evil spirit in the cave, and you carry the woman out!



*Outside, the crowd fell back.
The chief stepped forward.*

Have you driven
away the evil
spirit? What do
you carry?

The evil spirit
has been driven
out and is shut
up in the cave.



I take the
woman away,
where I will
make her
better!

Go! I will
enter the cave
and fight the
evil one!



Are you mad? The
sickness will enter
you. Or you will
drive it out and it
will enter the
woman again!
Stay outside, and
fight it if it
appears!



We
will
stay!

*In the open air,
Alice woke up
again.*

Follow the brook to
a waterfall. Climb
the hill. You will see
the fires of the Dela-
ware Indians. Ask
for their help. You
will be safe.



Surely we
don't leave
you here!

The Hurons
hold Uncas,
the last of
the great
Mohican
blood! I
go to see
what can be
done for him.



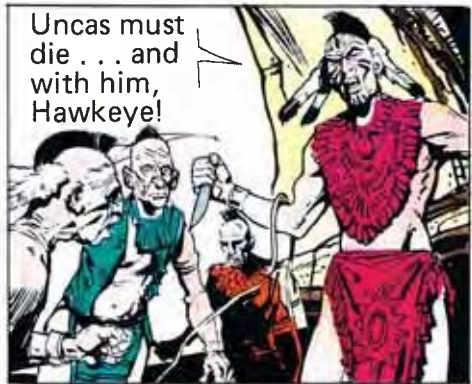
In his bear costume, Hawkeye found David, who showed him the tent where Uncas was held. Thinking that Hawkeye was an Indian who would torment Uncas, the braves said nothing when he and David entered the tent.



The plan was carried out. Uncas and Hawkeye reached the woods safely.



But soon the trick was found out. The braves discovered Magua in the cave and cut him loose.



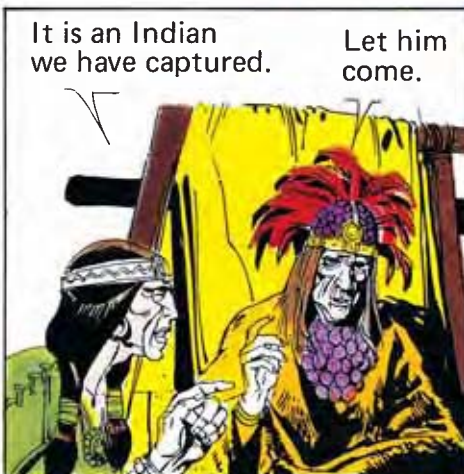
Now all of Magua's prisoners had been set free. He planned to get them back, not by force but by a trick. At dawn he led his braves to the Delaware camp. Seeing them, the Delawares called a meeting.



To speak for the Delawares was Tamenund, an Indian so old and wise it was said that he spoke with the Great Spirit.



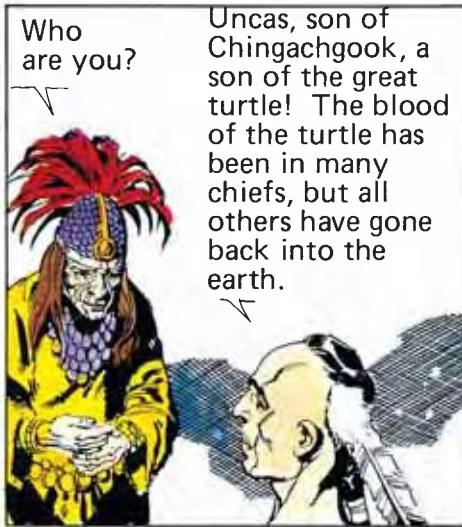
Quickly the Huron stepped behind Heyward and Hawkeye and bound their arms. Magua lifted Alice in his arms and told the others to follow. But Cora rushed to the feet of Tamenund.



Uncas was led forth. One of the Indians reached for his neck ornament and vest and tore them off.

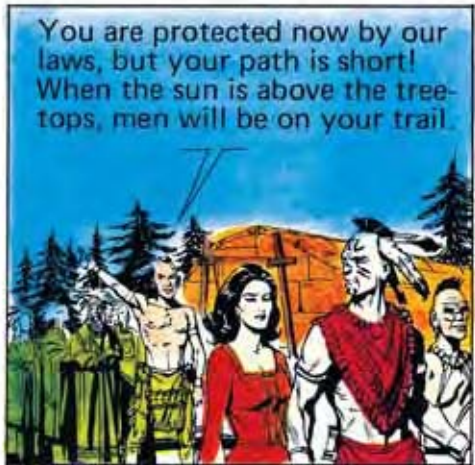


It was a sign that Uncas was a chief of the oldest and greatest Indian tribe in America. From this tribe the Delawares themselves had come!



Accepted as a great chief of the Delawares, Uncas quickly proved that Magua had no right to keep Hawkeye, Heyward, and Alice.

But Cora was different. Magua had brought her to the Delawares to keep for him. By their law, she was still his.

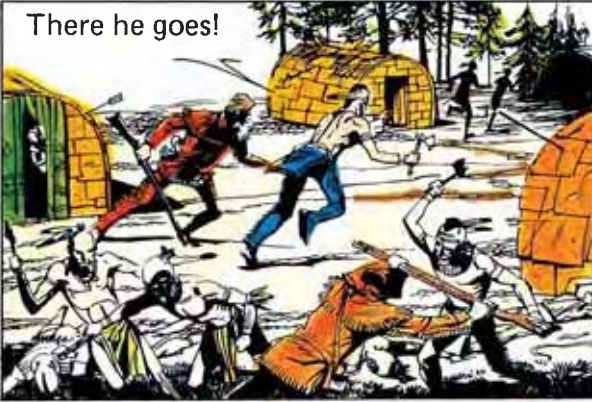


At that time, Uncas and Hawkeye led the Delawares on the warpath. They fought a bloody battle with the Hurons near the Huron village.



Driven back, the Hurons made a stand at their meeting tent. Suddenly Magua and another brave broke away

There he goes!



With Uncas and Hawkeye following, Magua entered the cave.



The dark passage going upward seemed to be inside the mountain.

All at once, ahead, they saw three figures against the light.

Have we lost them?

No, I see a white robe ahead!



It's Cora!

Cora!
Cora!



Running on, they came out at an opening high on the mountainside. Above, Magua and his men climbed over the rocks.

Stop, dog of a Huron!



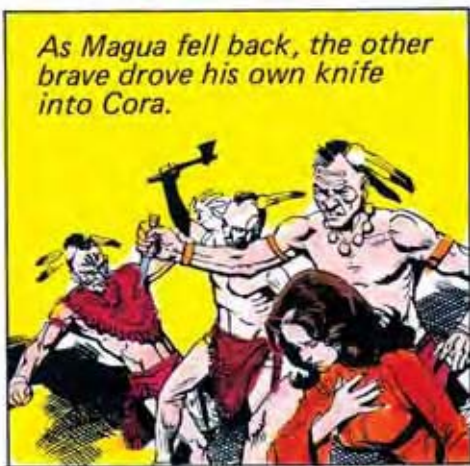
Suddenly, on a ledge, Cora stopped.



With a cry, Uncas leaped for the ledge from above.



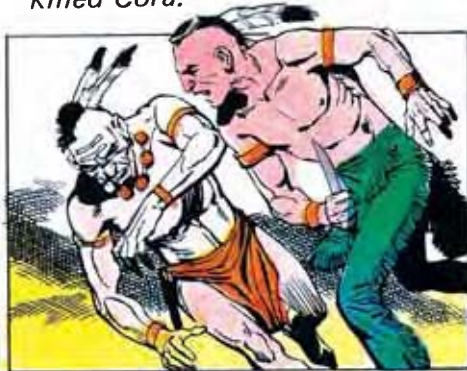
As Magua fell back, the other brave drove his own knife into Cora.



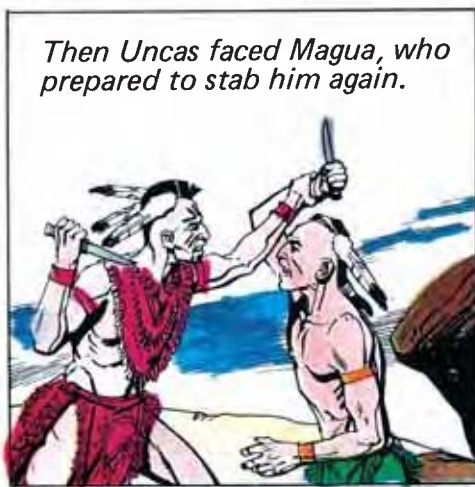
As Uncas fell between them, Magua drove his knife into Uncas' back.



Uncas rose from the blow, and with his last breath struck down the man who had killed Cora.



Then Uncas faced Magua, who prepared to stab him again.



Magua did so, and Uncas fell dead at his feet. Hawkeye, reaching the ledge across the rocks, gave a wild cry. But Magua leaped away and scrambled for the cliff top.



Suddenly Magua slipped. One of his hands grasped the cliff top.



Slowly he pulled himself up, only a hand grip from safety.



Hawkeye drew his rifle to his shoulder and fired.



Aiiieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!



Six Delaware girls sang of the virtues of Cora. They threw sweet-scented flowers and herbs over her body.

The Delawares had won. But the next day's sun rose on a tribe of sad Indians. All gathered to mourn for the dead.

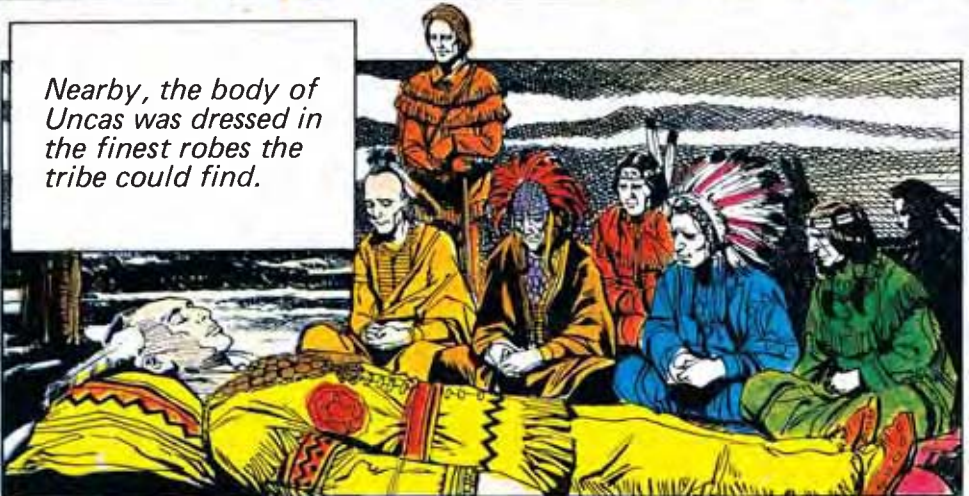


Later, the Delaware girls carried her body to its final resting place.

You have done well. The white man thanks you.



Nearby, the body of Uncas was dressed in the finest robes the tribe could find.



Why do my brothers mourn? The Great Spirit had need of such a brave, and he called Uncas away! As for me, I am a single pine tree in a forest of palefaces. I am alone.



No, no, not alone. Our colors may be different, but we travel in the same path. The boy has left us. But Chingachgook, you are not alone!



The two clasped hands and bowed their heads, their tears watering the grave of Uncas like falling rain.



Then Temenund spoke.

The palefaces are masters of the earth, and the time of the red men has not yet come. My day has been too long. I have lived to see the last brave of the wise race of Mohicans.



And it was many years before the Indians stopped telling of the white maiden and the young Mohican who had gone together to the happy hunting ground.

**THE
END**

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

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